Ju Le, Ju Le

"Oh, the brothers often get filled up with *chan*[1] and shout at each other and argue, but they do not come to blows."

Buddha taught the principle of non-violence; and it so molded the character of the people that centuries later non-violence was a working standard even in the hurly-burly of a great caravan center such as Leh. I could find modern records of thefts but few other crimes.

Leh is on a historic caravan route that leads not only to Yarkand in Sinkiang but to Lhasa in Tibet. It thrived when commerce thrived; it had depressions when war or bandits or jealous politics diverted the stream of trade. Wool, silver, felts, tea, candy, skins, velvets, silk, gold, carpets, musk, coral, borax, jade cups, salt came down from the north. Cotton goods, shawls, brocades, opium, indigo, plumes, shoes, pearls, ginger, cloves, pepper, honey, tobacco, sugar cane, barley, rice, wheat, corn came up from the south. The large serai—about a half block square—where the caravans stopped at Leh still stands. The bazaars where the goods were sold or haggled over, the market place where men searched out new trade missions, the place where ponies were bought, sold, or rented—these are still there. People swarm through the L-shaped bazaar of Leh as they did a century or two earlier. A few of the shops are open, the merchants sitting on their haunches in small stalls weighing out walnuts or ginger, haggling over mule bells or turbans, measuring out three yards of cotton cloth.

But the ancient hum of the market is gone. Many of the stalls are closed. Their heavy wooden doors have been swung shut and fastened with padlocks. No longer are great caravans loaded with merchandise coming down from Yarkand in Sinkiang and Demchok in Tibet. In August 1951, there was some trade trickling over the Tibetan border. But it was slackening. There was none from Yarkand, for the Russians had closed the Sinkiang border. Yarkand merchants, who had picked their way over high passes to visit Leh, were now marooned. They could not return to

[1] [Barley beer--Analyst]

439 Yarkand. They had no roots in Leh. They wandered through the
178 empty bazaars, their light yellow skin almost white from sadness.
• 458 A depression had struck Leh. This was not a temporary depression. This was no seasonal or cyclical recession. The markets had not dried up owing to the natural causes that affect all markets. This was not demand and supply reacting in the classical way. Leh had reached the end of an era.

648 Russia had blocked the north and south trade routes that for
439 centuries had been important to both areas. From now on all the
458 commerce would move east and west. Russia would use the commerce of China and Tibet and Sinkiang to lace those three areas tightly into the Soviet Empire. If Tibetans needed sugar or barley, Russia would provide it. Russia would make their dependency on her an instrument for political control. Those who wanted barley in order to live would need be docile serfs in the Soviet scheme of things. The merchants of China, Sinkiang, and Tibet no longer would be free agents operating in an open market. The markets would be political instruments of Soviet imperialism. The candy merchants of Yarkand would now look to Russia for sugar cane. Russia would get her sugar cane by leverage on some other country and dispense it in Yarkand to the faithful. Those who did not toe the line would go without sugar.

The consequence of turning all the trade east and west is vast and incalculable. It is a part of Soviet empire building. It is part and parcel of the proselytizing of the Communist cause. The victims inside the Soviet Empire will perhaps never be known. Some of the victims outside the Soviet Empire can already be
468 seen. The bedraggled merchants of Leh face a dismal future.
438 There are no goods on the market. Scarcity has produced high prices. Real inflation has set in. Inflation has reached even to the lowly dzo that furnishes the motive power on the farm. The dzo now rents for four or five rupees a day, where one rupee used to
548 be ample. The prostitutes of Leh have revised their rates. For

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

years they charged four annas (five cents); now their uniform rate is one rupee (twenty cents). [548]

Leh barely keeps alive. The demands of its native population bring some life to the markets. But Leh will shrink to a tiny village on that volume of trade. To date it has been saved by its Indian Army garrison, whose purchasing power keeps the ancient city alive. But once that artificial stimulant is removed, Leh will shrivel. There are projects for development of Ladakh. It is found, for example, that drug herbs grow well there and have an extraordinarily high alkaloid content. Kashmir is promoting the use of Ladakh for growing drug herbs on a commercial scale. Unless Kashmir undertakes a bold economic and social program in Ladakh, Leh will soon become as much a relic of the past as the gaunt and empty castle of the King that looks down on the old capital of Little Tibet. 458 • 438 185

The people of Leh do not seem to know the worries of which I speak. They have little; they expect no more; they are happy with their lot. They are friendly and cheerful, simple and uncomplicated. I stayed with them and came to know their simple faith. The deities of the passes, of the rivers, of the valleys are real to them. So are their fears and superstitions. They are gentle people, and poor beyond belief, held closely to their faith by stern lamas. 157

The beautiful women in Leh are the young ones in their teens or twenties. A woman, by the time she is thirty, has usually faded. She carries the work of the house, the weight of the children, the burden of the fields. By forty she is old, with no buoyancy left. But the young lady knows the gaiety of hope, the laughter of dreams. Such a girl was Zila. She wore a chic sheepskin over her shoulders, the fur side under. The fleece had been washed and combed and made to spray out along the edges of the garment and over her shoulders. These streamers of wool against Zila's dark dress, like her beautiful teeth against her dark lips, gave her a rare beauty. 145 291

I met Zila at the Moravian Mission at Leh, a mission estab- 797